

# L I F E

JUL 13 1922

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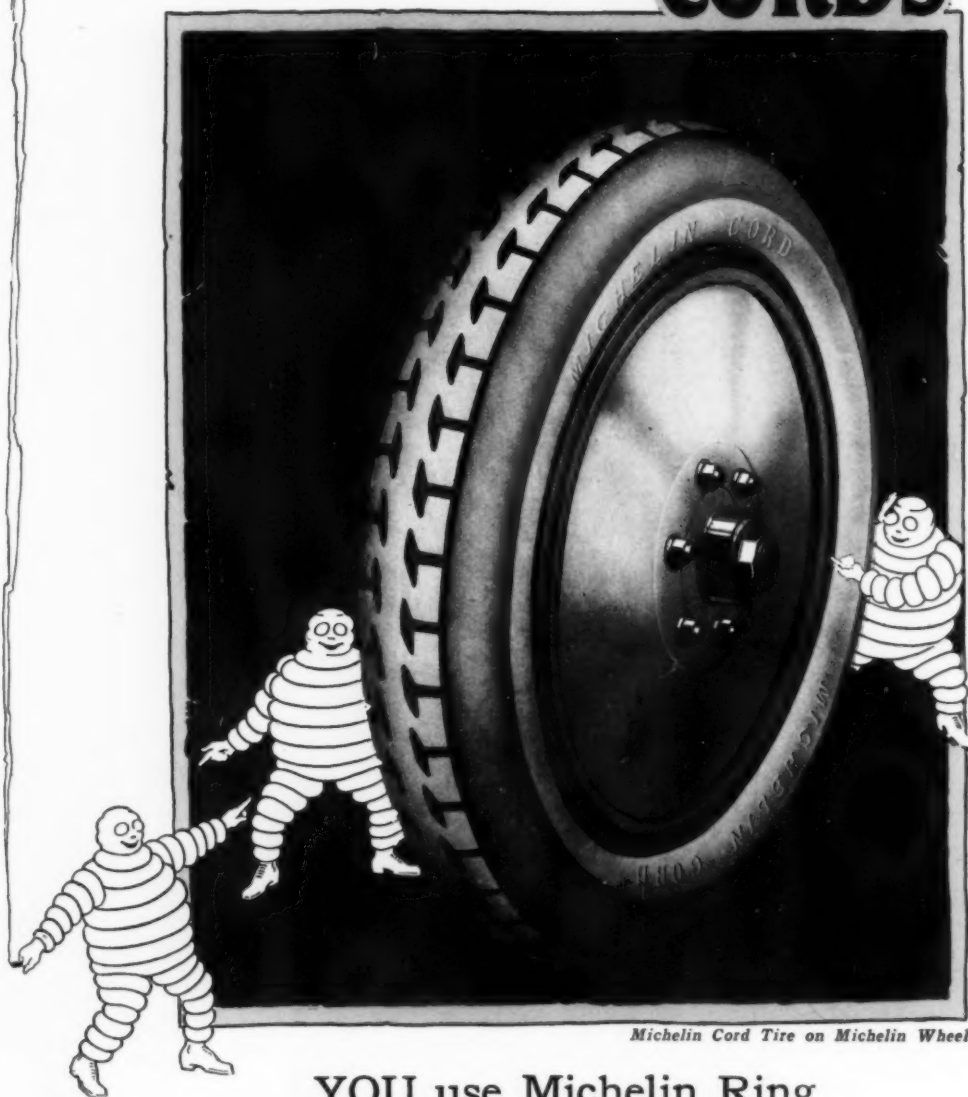
JULY 13, 1922

PRICE 15 CENTS



MASKS

# MICHELIN CORDS



YOU use Michelin Ring  
Shaped Tubes and know  
they are best. Why not  
use Michelin Cords?  
They are just as good.

# Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

*It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.*

## Without Cultural Leadership.

The main criticism, as we find it is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. As for ourselves, we think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, we think the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste.

The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and the higher things. And the thing must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have hit on a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the

chance. And we shall make the price so reasonable, so inviting, that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

## All Great Things Are Simple.

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

## Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

**Schopenhauer's Essays.** For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

**The Trial and Death of Socrates.** This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

**Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.** This old Roman emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

**The Discovery of the Future.** H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

**Dialogues of Plato.** This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

**Foundations of Religion.** Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

**Studies in Pessimism.** Schopenhauer presents a serious and well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

**The Idea of God in Nature.** John Stuart Mill. How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

**Life and Character.** Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

**Thoughts of Pascal.** Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe and the origin and purpose of life.

**The Olympian Gods.** Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

**The Stoic Philosophy.** Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered and developed, and what we can today learn from it.

**God: Known and Unknown.** Samuel Butler. A really important work.

**Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For.** This is a carefully planned study.

**Sun Worship and Later Beliefs.** Tichenor. A most important study for those who wish to understand ancient religions.

**Primitive Beliefs.** Tichenor. You get a clear idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

**Three Lectures on Evolution.** Ernst Haeckel's ideas expressed so you can understand them.

**From Monkey to Man.** A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

**Survival of the Fittest.** Another phase of the Darwinian theory.

**Evolution vs. Religion.** You should read this discussion.

**Reflections on Modern Science.** Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

**Biology and Spiritual Philosophy.** This is a very interesting and instructive work.

**Bacon's Essays.** These essays contain much sound wisdom that still holds.

**Emerson's Essays.** Emerson was a friend of Carlyle and in some respects a greater philosopher.

**Tolstol's Essays.** His ideas will direct you into many a profitable path of thought.

## 25 Books---2,176 Pages---Only \$1.85---Send No Money

If these 25 books were issued in the ordinary way they might cost you as much as a hundred dollars. We have decided to issue them so you can get all of them for the price of one ordinary book. That sounds inviting, doesn't it? And we mean it, too. Here are 25 books, containing 2,176 pages of text, all neatly printed on good book paper, 3 1/2 x 5 inches in size, bound securely in card cover paper.

You can take these 25 books with you when you go to and from work. You can read them in your spare moments. You can slip four or five of them into a pocket and they will not bulge. You can investigate the best and the soundest ideas of the world's greatest philosophers—and the price will be so low as to astonish you. No, the price will not be \$25 for the 25 volumes. Nor will the price be \$5, though they are worth

more than that. The price will be even less than that sum. Yes, we mean it. Believe it or not, the price will be only \$1.85 for the entire library. That's less than a dime a volume. In fact, that is less than eight cents per volume. Surely no one can claim he cannot afford to buy the best. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is to sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 25 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$1.85 plus postage. And the books are yours. Positively no further payments.

Are we making a mistake in advertising works of culture? Are we doing the impossible when we ask people to read serious works? Are we wasting

our time and money? We shall see by the manner in which the blank below comes into our mail.

--- Send No Money Blank ---

**Haldeman-Julius Company,  
Dept. 1258, Girard, Kans.**

I want the 25 books listed on this page. I want you to send me these 25 books by parcel post. On delivery I will pay the postman \$1.85 plus postage, and the books are to be my property without further payments of any kind. Also, please send me one of your free 64-page catalogs.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Note: Persons living in Canada or other foreign countries must send cash with order.



# Why this is the first Stearns advertisement in three years

FOR the first time in three years The F. B. Stearns Company, manufacturers of Stearns Sleeve-Valve Motor Cars, makes a public announcement. Those who know the company, its policies, practices and product, will immediately decide that there must be something of great importance to tell.

There is.

The F. B. Stearns Company, for twenty-five years a pioneer in the development of practical motor car improvements, is itself surprised at its newest achievement—

## The 6-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight Engine

For a period of seven years The F. B. Stearns Company has manufactured 4-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight Motor Cars exclusively, without a single day's interruption—and *this* through one of the most uncertain periods in the history of American Industry.

It may, therefore, seem strange to many that this company should even consider a change in that part of its product which has earned a world-wide reputation.

But—this latest Stearns achievement, a 6-CYLINDER Sleeve-Valve Engine, embodies so many astounding advantages over all other types of motor car power plants that it would be unfair to the motoring public to withhold or discard the invention.

It is the sincere belief of The F. B. Stearns Company that the new 6-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight is the *first* engine, in all the history of motor car construction, to operate *entirely free* from periodic vibration.

You may not be considering the purchase of a new car at the present time. Nevertheless, it will be to your benefit to learn the facts about the new 6-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight—an engine that will soon be used as the standard for all comparisons of efficiency.



TRADE MARK

Be sure to get a demonstration

Roadster, 4 or 5 Passenger Touring	\$2700.00
7 Passenger Touring	2850.00
Coupe	3350.00
Coupe Brougham	3500.00
Sedan	3700.00
f.o.b. Cleveland	

Production of the 4-CYLINDER Stearns-Knight will be continued



Extract from a letter to the president of the F. B. Stearns Company from the inventor of the famous Knight-Sleeve-Valve Engine after his recent visit of inspection to the factory.

May 24, 1922

"—I am still thinking of that beautiful Six of yours. The engine dimensions please me awfully well—the length of the connecting rods, the position of the eccentric shaft, the shape of the lugs on the sleeves, and the fine workmanship which makes a motor with long life and smooth action. I like the proportions about the best of any engine I have ever seen.

With kind regards,

(Signed) C.Y. Knight"

**To Dealers:** Owing to a recent increase in production-facilities, The F. B. Stearns Company, for the first time in five years, is able to increase its distribution. Dealers of high standing, regardless of location, are invited to write for particulars of the Stearns' Dealer Franchise. Your territory may be open.

The F. B. Stearns Company, Cleveland, Ohio





# Life

## A GARDEN IDYL

(With apologies to Robert Herrick)

WHENAS in bulbs my garden  
glows,

Then, then, methinks, no Summer rose  
Can equal as it blows and grows,  
The satisfaction it bestows!

And then, when April wanes, and May  
Runs riot with her Iris sway,  
Then, then, methinks, has come the day  
That far eclipses yesterday!

But when the Queen of months appears  
And dries the Spring's too frequent tears,  
And on each post and trellis rears,  
Her accolade of bloom,—endears  
Each winding path and arched seat  
With countless thousand breathings sweet,  
Then, then, methinks, no lovelier hour  
Can e'er surpass Midsummer's power!

Yet, when the velvet petals fall,  
And earth is strewn with fragrant pall,  
When tender shades are seen no more,  
And glories never dreamed before  
Are wearing now with poignant hints  
A tapestry of Autumn tints,  
Then, then, methinks, hearts cannot guess  
Such undiluted loveliness!

But when November sweeps her mist  
And with bare Winter keeps her tryst,—  
When Chlorophyl, supremely vernal  
Has faded from the shapes eternal,—  
And trees and shrubs their souls lay bare  
And thistledown is in the air,  
When pines against the sky are etched  
And twigs and plants by Nature sketched,

And every purple stem is drawn  
With cobwebs fine, from eve to dawn—  
When twitterings in hedge and bush  
Swell silence into sunset's hush,  
Then, then, methinks, each season's pace,  
That's born or dies, with equal grace  
Makes glad the heart, and dims the eyes  
With gratitude and sweet surprise. M. S.



### Whispers to Wives Apropos of Knowledge

WE have lately read, with elevated eyebrows, an essay on the brainlessness of women. Full well did the author know how it would pique and provoke! Perhaps he even hoped that some lady would free herself from her sweet masque for a moment, with the impulse (natural if impolitic) of putting out her tongue at him. But no! In absolute indifference, O wise ones, has the treatise been allowed to pass.

It was well done. On both sides it was well done. His, to lure into the open a force that might be lurking in ambush. Theirs, to reserve that force;—which is the more potent for being concealed. But concealment need not go too far as between friends. So, knowing that none but the eye feminine will behold the quotation, let us remember this, "that in justice to men,—though to the larger and more trifling part of the sex imbecility in females is a great enhancement of their personal charms,—there is a portion of them too reasonable, and too well-informed themselves, to desire anything more in woman than ignorance."

How noble, how beautiful is the broad-minded attitude! The step forward is granted as soon as made. But here, for the moment, it seems to stop, and this is where one congratulates the petticoated sex on its

admirable policy, and begs it, no matter what the provocation, to continue in the same until its life's end. *Be* beautiful, one admonishes women, and *seem* brainless, particularly those who are married. How can a man know more than his wife if she knows more than he does? And would such a condition of affairs be agreeable to him? It would not. It is indeed true that hardly any husband wishes his wife's mind to be brimming with knowledge,—unattractive picture! Naturally, if he wants to fill a thing, she must keep it empty; and, assured of this, what faithful helpmate would present herself with anything but a vacant cranium and a beaming smile? And what she thinks of while being instructed, she need never tell.

C. D.

### Separation

I DREAMED that many weary miles

Were separating you from me;  
And just to hold you close again,  
I trudged the plains and swam the sea!

I waked, and, reaching, touched your hand,

But then remembered with a start,  
Not miles, but unforgivingness  
Is keeping you and me apart.

B. Y. W.

### Several Things at a Time (A Monologue)

SCENE: *A Home.*

OCCASION: *Annual Departure.*

TIME: *Fifty-ninth minute of Eleventh Hour.*

SEVEN hat boxes. That's not right. There should be eight. Dear, what's become of that other hat box—the one from Claire's? Oh, I know you didn't pack your shoes in it. Don't be ridiculous. I simply asked you if you had seen it. If you had said you hadn't, that would have sufficed. Run into the guest room, like a good boy, and see if it's there. If it isn't you might look somewhere else. I'm sure I packed my two new sport hats in it.

Now, what am I going to do with these shoes? Dear! Oh, Ralph! Come here a moment.

See if you can't shut this bag for me, won't you, dear? I've been at it fully five minutes and I've broken two fingernails. The lid simply wouldn't come anywhere near closing. And, oh, before you begin you might try to get these four pairs of shoes in. They won't take much room. And this sweater. I'll need it when I play tennis. I do wish you hadn't sent the trunks off so soon. Here's a raincoat that really should go, although you might carry that. And a pair of walking boots. And some handkerchiefs. And a bundle. That's some wool for knitting. I'm going to do a lot this Summer. And this old skirt for hiking, that will be all, I think, except this bathing suit. I almost forgot it. And, oh, yes, the dressing gown lying on the bed.

Yes, that's all. Definitely all. Don't swear so dreadfully, dear. Jenny might hear you, and you know what servants are. The bag really can't be so hard to close as all that.

There, I told you it would be easy.

Oh, dear. Do you mind opening that blue hat box and getting me the little tan hat? I don't like to wear this one on the train. It's much too good for traveling. No, not that. The little tan one. I know it's a blue box, but it's not the blue box I meant. Try the other one, that's a good boy. Yes, that's it. Thank you so much, dear.

By the way, did you find that other hat box? I simply can't start without it. We'll have to stay here until it's found. The only two hats I really need are in that box.

Answer the phone, dear. Jenny's busy. It's the taxi, I suppose. Tell the driver we'll be down in about a minute. Just as soon as I get my hat on.

It was the taxi, wasn't it? I knew it. We'll have to hurry to catch our train. Seen anything of that hat box yet? Isn't that the most exasperating—oh, never mind. I remember now. I gave it to Sarah last month. The two new sport hats are in the gray box there. Just open it and see if they aren't. Yes. Then that's all right. I'm so relieved.

Do you think I'd better wear this tan hat? It seems a shame to.

Oh, well. All right. If you're determined to be grouchy, I suppose I'll have to. I'll be along in a minute now. Have Jenny take the bags and the boxes to the elevator.

How about your bag; where is it; not closed yet? And I've been ready for fully fifteen minutes. Isn't that just like a man, leaving everything until the last minute? Hurry and shut it, dear, and while you're doing that I'll have time to change my hat.

J. K. M.

### Logical

IF we should recognize Russia, Lenin and his methods, then why not as follows:

NERO.

Much obliged to you for burning Rome. It is just brave and noble things like this that will endear you to posterity. It gives us pleasure to approve.

\* \* \*

CÆSAR BORGIA.

Good for you! Any time you feel like visiting us you can have the freedom of our city.

\* \* \*

JUDGE JEFFREYS.

In view of the splendid work you have done, we are very glad to endorse you and will make you an honorary member of our bar. Remember, our house is your home.

\* \* \*

ATTILA.

We are so proud of what you have done that we hope you will feel like dropping in at the White House and lunching with our genial President.

UNCLE SAM.

### Because

BECAUSE last night one looked at me

With favor in his eyes  
That built a future I could see,  
I have grown very wise.

This morning every bird has sung  
A flattering song to me,  
And all the opening flowers are hung  
With blushing memory.

The loaves I bake are sweet and white,  
The beds I spread with care,  
And oh, my heart is far more light  
Than sunbeams on the air!

The stitches that I take to-day  
Are like a rosary,  
With each a little prayer I say  
For One who looked at me.

B. C. N.

"THEY say more people stay away from church in Brooklyn than anywhere else."

"Why is that?"

"More churches there."



Mrs. Slim (meditating): I wonder why fat men are always so good-natured.  
Mr. Slim: Because nobody loves them.





Movie Director (visiting Niagara Falls): By jove, Bill! If we could fix it so as to let the heroine get about halfway down and then have the hero save her, it'd be a knockout.

## "My Trip Abroad"

*An Imaginary Travelogue  
by William Randolph Hearst*

AS the gigantic vessel which was to carry me to Europe slid out into mid-stream, I heard the cheers of the POPULACE, dinning in my ears. Why were they cheering, I asked myself. Surely not because I was LEAVING.

Across the river, on the Hoboken side, were lines of old German vessels, ROTTING and RUSTING at their piers. With an inward glow of PRIDE, I realized that had it not been for my TIRELESS efforts, these same ships would now be plying the seven seas—under the flag of the International Mercantile Marine, which is controlled by PRO-ENGLISH CAPITAL. Just then I noticed that the very ship I was on flew the British ensign. I began to feel a little SEA-SICK, and went below.



WE landed in Great Britain, and the first thing that SHOCKED me about the place was the appalling number of ENGLISHMEN. They were everywhere. There wasn't even one decent IRISH POLICEMAN in the place. Then I realized what is wrong with the country, and I made the MENTAL RESERVATION that, as soon as I had persuaded the UNITED STATES NAVY to come over and wipe the "Grand Fleet" (as they call it) off the MAP, I should send the NEW YORK POLICE FORCE to England, and clean the place up.



SHORTLY after my arrival in London, I had LUNCH with Lloyd George, whose infamous TREATY with IRELAND has cheated me out of so much good EDITORIAL COPY. Knowing that I am ALL-POWERFUL in the UNITED STATES, he did his best to get on the right side of me, but needless to say, I greeted his advances COLDLY.

He fed me a tremendous MEAL which, I must say, I ate with RELISH. After I left his house on Downing Street, I sent a CABLE to FRED OPPER, ordering him to draw a CARTOON, showing John Bull at a huge dinner table, eating his HEAD OFF, while thousands of good, honest AMERICAN CITIZENS are STARVING.



I CALLED upon Horatio Bottomley, formerly editor of a paper called "John Bull." Horatio, who has frequently been referred to as "the British Hearst," is now in difficulties. By that I mean, he is in JAIL. They found him out. When I saw him sulking behind the bars, I had to STOP and THINK. If Horatio was the British Hearst, then I must be THE AMERICAN BOTTOMLEY. In which case, they might find ME out some day. . . . I decided to stop THINKING. It tired me.



The Manager Has Trouble Making His Team Stick to a Training Diet

## If It Keeps On

*Raisin Day,  
Eat More Fruit Month, Thrift Year*

DEAR CHARLOTTE:

I told you I was planning to spend Prune a Day Week with Mary. I left here on Backer's Bar Soap Day and motored down, reaching there on the afternoon of Talcum Day, Toilet Preparations Month. We ran into only one storm—on Ribbon Dentifrice Day—and Talcum morning broke clear and cool. I was glad because first impressions are apt to be lasting. I shall never forget Kettle Day of Kitchen Week when I first visited Louise. How it rained!

Mary was as sweet as she could be. She gave a delightful luncheon for me on Fig Day, a bridge on Apple Day, golf and dinner at the Country Club on Canned Peach Day, and a pretty little dance on the evening of Preserved Pear Day. I met a charming man, Peter Dolliver, and he gave us all a delightful luncheon at his club on Apricot Day. So you see I had a busy Preserved Fruit Week.

It was sweet of you to ask me to spend Potato Week with you. I have a dressmaker for Cereal Week but she ought to be through by Ruffed Rice Night. Mind if I do not give my answer until, say, Rolled Oats Day? Just think, I haven't laid eyes on you since the Brown dance last Patronize Your Local Poultryman Month.

As ever,

MAUD.

## Problem for a Young Girl

WELL, don't you see? I had a box of candy, And I tore it open, and it looked so fine, And tasted wonderful! And so I et it, As fast as I could eat. And when it was gone I was so sick I couldn't hold my head up.

So the next time I got a box, I says, "I'll save this one, and eat it little by little; I'll make it last this time, and I won't get sick." But mice got in, and ants, and it was ruined.

Ain't there no way you can do with a box of candy? And suppose it ain't candy, but bein' in love I mean. Oh, has it always got to be too fast, So that it's gone right-off, and leaves you sick, Or else it drags along and gets all stale? Has it got to be always either one or the other?

J. V. A. W.

## Horrors!

THE principle recently laid down by the Supreme Court, namely, that labor unions shall hereafter be held responsible for the conduct of their members, must cause all patriotic citizens to grow sick at heart. Where is it to end? If we go along this road, we shall soon be expecting parents to be responsible for their children, theatrical managers responsible for their plays, ministers for their sermons, magazine editors for their short stories, and husbands for their wives!



"Well,—bye, old dears. I've got to get busy on my thesis for my Ph. D. now."

### On the Deplorable Lack of Scholarship in American Humorists

(The Editor of "The Freeman" thinks that the chief qualification of contributors to LIFE should be scholarship.)

**B**EHOLD in me a Heavy Intellectual.  
I strive to give those sorry human dregs,  
My elders, now so feebly ineffectual,  
Instruction in the art of sucking eggs.

Our Writing Class is just a sordid dollarship  
With scarce a glint of Truth's eternal flame,  
Devoid of Background, destitute of Scholarship—  
Or anyhow it was before I came.

I need not read the work of those I criticize,  
For every schoolboy knows they'll have to start  
To Russianize or Germanize or Briticize  
Before we get a gleam of Native Art.

While some, I hear, have gained at minor colleges  
B.A.'s, M.A.'s, or even Ph.D.'s,  
Such homemade tags are ludicrous apologies  
For Oxford, Bonn, or Heidelberg degrees.

I quite approve of Humor when it's serious;  
I'll even tolerate a learned pun;  
But Mirth, as such, is highly deleterious,  
And what I most abominate, is Fun.

I wonder how the public stands their caperings.  
I wonder why their books adorn the shelf.  
I wonder who will print my solemn vaporings.  
I wonder when I'll tumble to myself.

A. G.

### Thoughts in the Street Cars

**W**ILL that woman standing in front of me think I haven't seen her if I keep on reading my paper? Why haven't I strength of mind to keep my seat? Is that strange-looking person across the aisle married to that shrimp, or are they just uncongenial relations? Does that woman know she is standing on my foot? If so, does she know that I know it? Why doesn't someone teach conductors English? Have I ridden past my street? I have.



## Excessively Successful

WHEN Whelk's crisp, certain tones came to me over the wire, I was thrilled. When he told me that he—Whelk—wanted me to go over an article he had written and "put some jazz into it" (his very words) I was elated, though apologetic. But when he offered to come to my office, gracefully yielding his available time to my available time, I had to borrow the Business Manager's secretary to sew back two buttons on my waistcoat. Whelk, you see, is a successful man.

Being a successful man, Whelk arrived on the dot. I made him comfortable—as comfortable as a successful man can be made. Even as he sat by my desk I could feel him straining onward to greater and higher things.

I began reading his article. He wrote as only a successful man will write. But I read on. While I read, he chafed.

"Have you a pencil?" he asked at last.

I gave him my pencil. Yet he continued to chafe. "Can I use your telephone?" he asked again.

"Certainly," I replied. Why not? I had perfect confidence in his ability.

The perfection of my confidence was not assailed for one fleeting moment. He undoubtedly could and did use the telephone. While I finished reading his article and started messing up the margin of the manuscript, he used that telephone like a rich uncle. Without asking further permission, he borrowed the telephone book and called people in places that Rand-McNally never heard of. He called and recalled. In between calls, he borrowed another pencil and my fountain pen. He took out a packet of letters and borrowed stamps for them. He borrowed a handful of paper clips and another of rubber bands. He also borrowed some letter paper.

Finally—he was putting through a call for Kansas City—I stabbed out six random words on the last five pages of his article, and as I handed it to him I guilelessly pushed the telephone out of his way. It was crude, but effective.

He read over my changes and declared himself content. Then he borrowed a cigarette—and a match. Dropping the box of matches into the same pocket with my two pen-



*He: You know I speak just as I think.*

*She: Yes, but more often.*

cils, fountain pen, stamps, paper clips and rubber bands, he took himself off, the very spirit and image of a successful man.

\* \* \*

I'm not sure, but I think I have a faint idea of what constitutes the chief ingredient of Whelk's formula for proficiency. And the other evening, Bream spoke to me of Whelk, at the club.

"Bright chap, Whelk," he said, "amazingly bright. He ought to be crowned with success."

"He ought to be . . . crowned . . ." I agreed.

H. W. H.

## Sacred and Profane Quotations

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of the announcement that General Pershing did not say, "Lafayette, we are here!" comes the staggering statement that General Sherman remarked, "War is cruel"—instead of the other thing.

This means that all our familiar quotations are to be censored and so diluted that they will be suitable for the mouths of babes and sucklings. It is an inevitable result of the pres-

ent wave of righteousness that is engulfing the earth. What is more, we must stand for it—just as we have stood for every reform movement that has yet appeared.

Let us then be philosophical, and start the work of purifying Bartlett's Familiar Quotations before the Society for the Suppression of Vice has a chance to get in its dirty work.

This is how some of the more famous lines will emerge from the refining process:

"Out, naughty spot!"—*Lady Macbeth*.

"The infernal regions are paved with good intentions."—*Dr. Johnson*.

"Drat the torpedoes—full speed ahead!"—*Admiral Farragut*.

"Hades has no fury like a woman scorned."—*Congreve*.

"A little more grape-juice, Captain Bragg."—*General Scott*.

"Lay on, Macduff—

And gol-darned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"—*Macbeth*.

"Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of the hot place  
Rode the six hundred."

—*Alfred Lord Tennyson*.

## Life



## Lines

THE Mount Everest climbing party got within a few hundred feet of the top, but failed to reach the cost of living.

Chairman Lasker, of the Shipping Board, will testify that there is still a little kick left in Anheuser Busch.

The tourists on American ships these days are nearly all saloon passengers.

The motto of the modern peace conference seems to be, "Eventually why not row?"

The Prohibitionists don't seem to have realized it, but God made three-fourths of the world wet.

If there's another war, the boys can expect to come home and find their tobacco gone.

The upkeep of Confucius's grave is a live topic in China just now. Why not use century plants?

Another disarmament conference should be called and a representative from Belfast invited.

Upon the production of his first play, an author is discovered. But the second one usually exposes him.

In January, 1923, the general public may take some slight interest in a coal strike that should have claimed their attention in January, 1922.

The real fisherman's paradise is a place where they've crossed the mosquito with the fish, insuring a bite every minute.

Fingerprints for babies have been introduced in New York. Nothing like starting the little bandits right.

Hereafter, ex-Presidents of the United States, on being presented at the English Court, will not have to curtsey to the King. This solves the problem of what to do with our ex-Presidents.

The Kaiser is to receive a million dollars for his memoirs. Now it can be told.

The taxi-cab is a much abused vehicle—but not sufficiently.

Anyhow, that cow that swallowed \$1,000 in bills ought to give rich milk.

Senator John Sharp Williams says that "the only free thing we have left is air." A United States Senator is an authority on this matter.

Complaints have been made about whisky being sold in certain Broadway resorts. Yes—the stuff could be better.

Drink doesn't ruin a man to-day—it's the price of it that does.

The time is coming when Young America will have nothing to sow except Quaker Oats.

Paris restaurants will solve the problem of how to tell the waiters from the guests by compelling the former to wear white coats. But what will prevent the guest from losing all his prestige, just as usual, by giving his dinner order to the 'bus boy?

The entertaining Senator has one of his best comedy rôles in the "La Follettes of 1922."



## Sitting It Out

WHILE some are for dancing, as many, no doubt,  
Prefer the diversion of sitting it out  
On chairs or on stairs,  
But always in pairs;  
For pleasant narration  
Or light conversation,  
Perhaps with the whet  
Of a wee cigarette  
Or other things hardly worth talking about,  
Pertain to the custom of sitting it out.

A. G.

What most people want to see in this country is a hip subsidy.

In which connection, one might say that the fellow with the flask has the bulge on the other chap.



Shapes



## Has Our Coolidge Feet of Clay?

### Sounder Reviews Shortcomings of Vice-President

WASHINGTON, July 11.—I trust that whatever I may say in the course of these brief remarks about the vice-presidency will not be taken to mean that I have any designs on the office. I am speaking solely for the good of the party.

From the beginning I have felt that the present incumbent—Mr. Coolidge—has not been taking his work seriously enough. For a while indeed there seemed to be grave danger that, abetted by his chief, he might let the office slide into something important. That menace seems fortunately to have passed, but he has not yet got a really firm grasp on what the office means.

#### His Manner of Presiding

over the Senate, for example, is hopelessly inefficient. He has actually tried to pay attention and to follow the debate, and the strain of it is beginning to show on him. I predict that unless he changes his methods, he won't last for more than six months or a year, or, say, until the tariff debate gets along to about "metal trouser buttons."

When on occasion I have temporarily occupied the chair, I have been able to invent many little diversions to keep my mind off the debate.

#### It Is Amusing,

for instance, through connivance with the majority leader, to order an executive session every half-hour or so, and watch the annoyance of the spectators being hustled out of the galleries. And there is constant fun in failing to recognize Democrats; and another sure-fire trick is to hand down a fantastic ruling on some point of order. It's just that spirit of play that Mr. Coolidge needs to get into his work.

In the Cabinet, too, he has been inclined to neglect his opportunities. There was an ugly rumor for a while that he was really going to be allowed to do serious work at Cabinet meetings, but it proved only a canard. As a matter of fact, I never feared



"Had a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich sent up to his room."

that this administration, with an able man in the vice-presidency, would kick over all precedents by making use of his abilities.

There are, however, little things he could do at the meetings without lowering the dignity of the office. If the President and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Fall were getting all haired up over the Mexican situation, he ought to be all ready to break in with some appropriate anecdote to ease the tension. That's what I should do—try to get a little lighter tone into the discussions. If I felt that Mr. Hoover was getting too serious over his unemployment statistics, I should cut right in with a "that reminds me of a good one, Herbert," and there we'd be all clubby and friendly again.

#### In His Speeches

at bankers' conventions and teachers' conferences, Mr. Coolidge has fallen far short of what we have a right to expect in a vice-president. On more than one occasion he has really said something worth while. Now a

vice-presidential speech should never be on any other topic than something like "The Spirit of Thrift in Citizenship" or "Let's All Pull Together for America," and it should invariably leave an audience exactly where it found it. I do not want to say that Mr. Coolidge has not tried hard; yet I feel that by putting a little more care into his talks, he could readily learn to say nothing at all.

In the gastronomic department, however, lies his greatest failure. As everyone knows, the only newspaper mention of a vice-president's name occurs in the Washington society column under "Breakfasts, Luncheons, and Dinners." Apparently the vice-president is expected to do all the official eating for the President, the Cabinet, and the more important heads of state.

#### A Really Efficient Man

in this position ought to be able to tuck away two or three formal breakfasts, dash from a luncheon with the Italian ambassador to one with a visiting admiral, and top off the day by attending simultaneously a dinner at the Shoreham, the British Embassy, and the Brazilian Legation. I am reliably informed that Mr. Coolidge has been inclined to shirk this work, that there have been several days when his record for meals actually fell below six, and that once he was so derelict in his public duty that he actually refused to dine out and had a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich sent up to his room.

Enumerating the requirements of the office in this way has brought it rather forcibly to my mind how eminently it would suit me, and, I think, vice versa. Indeed, I may, after all, reconsider and become a candidate in 1924. One of the party leaders has urged me to do this in order to end the current talk about wasting a good man in the vice-presidency; and although I don't quite follow his reasoning I am willing to do anything I can to promote party harmony.

Sounder.



"That reminds me of a good one, Herbert."

## Twin Bed-Time Stories

### Benedict Names the Baby

**SCENE:** Bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Newleigh. They have retired.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Benedict! Our baby's two weeks old and we haven't named her yet! (*No response.*) Don't pretend to be asleep, I heard you breathing.

BENEDICT (*sleepily*): Haven't learned to sleep without it yet.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*sharply*): You know what I mean. You weren't breathing as if you were asleep!

BENEDICT: Was, though. 'Night, m' love.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*after an ominous pause*): Aren't you going to say anything?

BENEDICT (*realizing the folly of deceit*): Oh, we'll name the baby first thing in the morning.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*emphatically*): We'll name her NOW. It's perfectly foolish to have to tell people our daughter hasn't been named yet just because we haven't been able to decide on one.

BENEDICT: Don't tell 'em that, then. Tell 'em her name's a secret.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*Benedict had better not go too far*): You're being ridiculous!

BENEDICT (*wearily and hopelessly*): We'll name it in the morning, then. You won't meet anybody before then that will want to know. Now roll over, dear, and sleep.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*grimly*): Have you any suggestions?

BENEDICT: Yes, let's go to sleep.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*a hint of tears in her voice*): O-h. You don't even care enough for your own child to want to give it a name!

BENEDICT: But Leila, it was *your* idea to wait a few

days until she develops a little individuality before we label her.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*very dejectedly*): But I was reading about the meaning of names to-day and—

BENEDICT: Shoot—What's the one you've picked?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Stella! It means "star." Her little eyes make me think of it.

BENEDICT: Nothing doing on Stella. Call her "Milky Way," if you want—her appetite made me think of it. But forget Stella.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*coldly*): Let's hear what *you* have to offer.

BENEDICT (*dreamily*): Ruth's kind of a nice name.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*quickly*): Yes, you always *did* think that was a nice name. Everybody says you were engaged to that horrid Ruth Bartlett before I came along in time to save you.

BENEDICT: How about Eleanor, then?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Do you INSIST on naming our child after one of your former sweethearts? It's hardly customary, I think.

BENEDICT (*a trifle taken aback*): Well, if you must have a starry name—how about Marcia?

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*suspiciously*): What's starry about that?

BENEDICT: Feminine for Mars, you know, the war star. We haven't had much peace since you started to christen her.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Oh—OH. (*She's off!*) All you do is to insult me even when we're talking about our little d-daughter.

BENEDICT (*hurriedly*): There, dearest, we'll call her Stella. It's the name I liked all the time.

(Curtain.) T. H. L.



"I was dancing last night and I'm so tired."

"Feet ache, I suppose?"

"No. My shoulders hurt."



JULY 13, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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**C**ONAN DOYLE has gone home after contributing considerably to entertainment in this country and possibly something to knowledge. He talked a great deal and was widely reported. Many people wanted to hear what he had to say, and many more were glad to read it in the papers. He has great gifts as a publicity man and a long recognized talent for being interesting. In the concerns of spiritism he has abundant belief, not always as discriminating as it might be, but obviously sincere. That sincerity and the gifts which have made him such a popular story teller make him a good hand to talk in public about the invisible world and the various communications which he believes are coming out of it. Before people think to much purpose about the invisible world and its relation to us, they have to get used to the idea that there is one. Sir Conan is excellent in imparting that idea and getting persons to whom it is a novelty, over the first shock of it. Indeed, he may be said to be the leading shocktrooper of spiritism. He slams in, makes a breach, and the more skilful practitioners follow.

**A**N examination of the invisible world is the more welcome in these times because the visible world is so perplexing and disturbing. The visible world is loaded up with dissatisfied people and where there are great masses of dissatisfaction, every now and then something unseemly breaks out of them. The mine massacre in Illinois was extremely unseemly; as shocking in its details, though on a small scale, as anything we read about in the Great War.

Twenty or thirty men were murdered who had done nothing wrong, and so far nothing at all adequate has been done about it. The same week Field-Marshal Wilson was murdered in London on his own doorstep, and Walter Rathenau in Berlin. These last two were political assassinations, but the mine murders in Herrin, Illinois, were not so different. They were the fruit of hatred bred in organized quarrels.

The mine murders were so abominable that they may bring the coal strike to a head. It is time it was cleaned up. Three-fourths of the accumulated coal has been used up and what is left is less than the normal surplus. The striking miners have lost many millions of dollars in wages, and unless they get to work soon, or allow someone else to mine coal, there will be trouble next winter.

The great trouble about current coal mining is that there are too many miners. The industry is overmanned; too much labor has gone into it and it seems almost impossible to get enough miners out of it to insure continuous employment at fair wages for those that are left in. It is not clear on what basis those troubles are to be settled, but with winter expected at about the usual time, there ought to be active brains enough in the country to get the coal mines running, and even to devise a solution of coal troubles that may be permanent.

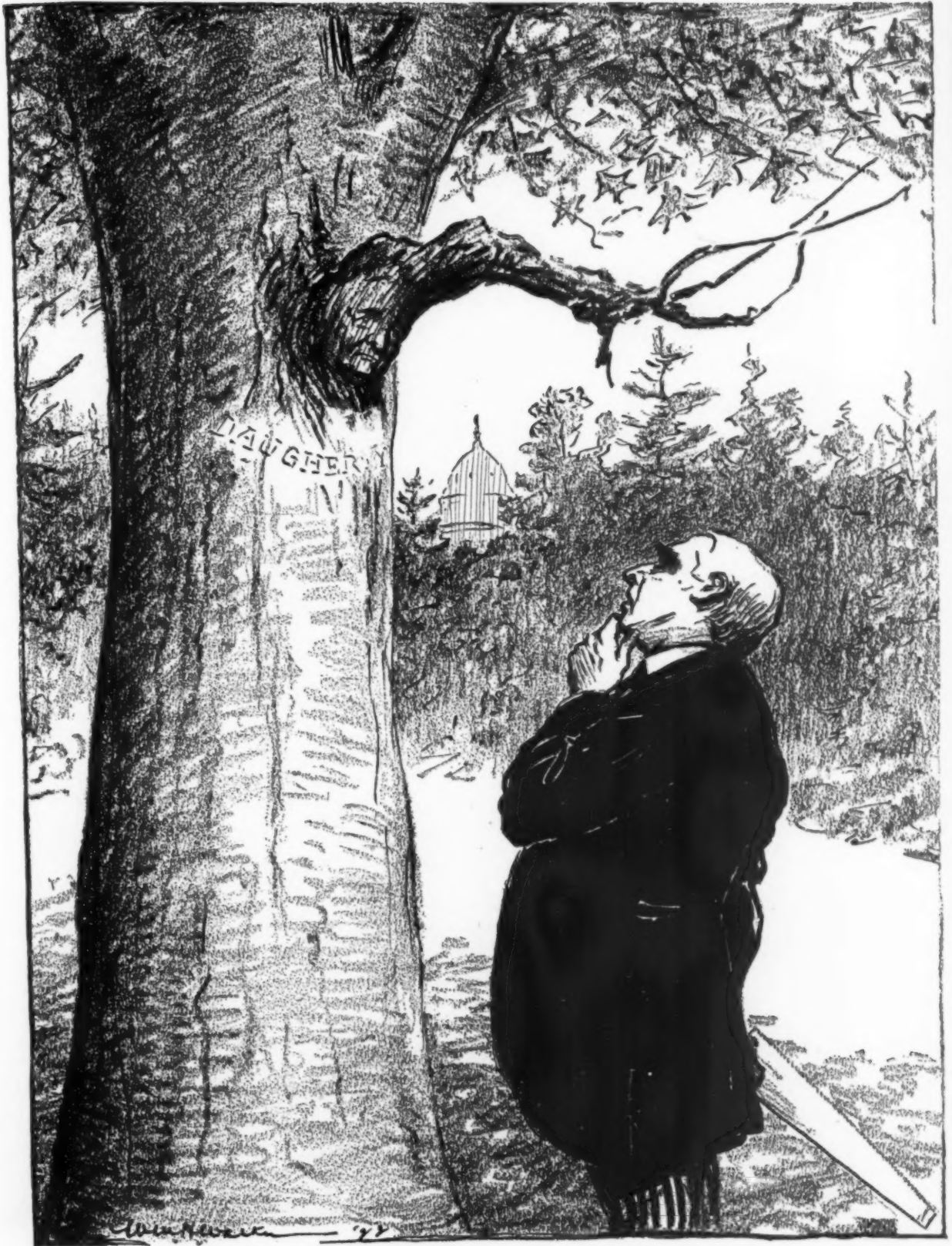
**A**WHILE ago a lady from Chile put it up to the National League of Women Voters to say who were the twelve greatest women in the United States. The papers have printed many lists in answer to this inquiry and one finds in them very distinguished ladies; settlement workers like Jane Addams; leading suffragists like Mrs. Catt; college

presidents like Miss Thomas; singers like Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden; novelists like Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Burnett, and Mrs. Deland; writers and lecturers like Miss Tarbell; poets like Miss Amy Lowell and so on by the score, and all well known and undoubtedly eminent. But nobody knows who is the greatest woman nor who are the twelve greatest women. They may all be obscure people who do not advertise, and live their lives mainly out of print, for through women certain things come to the world that do not come through men and the chief among them is human life. There is always a competition for a woman between raising a family and doing something else. The women that are in the lists of the twelve greatest are mainly women who have done something else, but it is entirely possible and not unlikely that certain women who have borne and raised remarkable children are more important and really greater.

The leadership of the world comes chiefly from mothers. Fathers have to do with it, of course. There are men, plenty of them, who have devoted to raising families and educating children, time, thought and work that might have brought them more glory and more advertising if otherwise expended, but in the main that is a woman's job. She makes the man; also the girls; and she has kindred capacities that men mostly lack. Spiritual news in these days seems to come chiefly through women. Joan of Arc was a woman. She got some indispensable news. In our day the woman of greatest accomplishment in a spiritual sense was possibly Mrs. Eddy, who started a ball rolling that still rolls on and makes people wonder how important it is and where it will bring up.

E. S. M.





"Cut it off, Mr. President, before it is too late."









## Paris Letter

Paris, France, June 26th.

THE dramatic season here can best be described in a single word of local patois—*bon*. French loses so much in translation that we must let that word stand without attempting to twist it into English.

Everybody is of course flocking to the *Théâtre Eltinge* to see "*La Demi-Vierge*," by Avarie Hopwood. This is a charming little piece, full of Gallic flavor, naughty in a way, perhaps, as its delightful predecessor, "*La Nuit des Femmes*," was naughty, but certainly above reproach except for those of an evil turn of mind. The French do these things so much better than Americans. Who but a Frenchman could have taken a scene in a Turkish bath, as M. Hopwood did in "*La Nuit des Femmes*," and have given it that naïve touch of *double entendre*, together with an innocence which in itself cried "Shame! (*Honte!*)" to all who would impute its motives? Certainly *personne*.



ANOTHER popular play of the risqué type is "*Mlle. Lulu Bett*," now being played at the *Belmont*. The story is a typical Parisian account of one of those charmingly illicit affairs which are characteristically Continental without being vulgar. *Mlle. Lulu Bett* is a young woman who lives with her married sister, *Ina*. *Lulu*, and her sister's husband, *Doight*, are carrying on a secret affair under *Ina's* very *yeux*. *Doight's* brother, *Ninon*, comes to visit and falls violently in love with *Lulu*, and the two run away together to Dijon. *Doight* is so enraged at this that he himself runs away with a piano-tuner. The whole thing is very Frenchy.



"*AUX DAMES!*" par Georges Kaufman et Marc Connellé, is a bitter little play on the futility of marriage. Beginning in the home of two young people in a suburb of Paris, it shows the gradual undermining of the husband's character by the scheming machinations of the wife. This woman's mad ambition for power and desire to see her husband in a position which will lend authority to her own social schemes, brings the unfortunate man to a catastrophic end during a banquet scene in which he drinks poison and dies, accusing her of being the mistress of the president of the company.

Messieurs Kaufman et Connellé are two young Frenchmen who have been embittered by the turn of events in

France since the war, and in "*Aux Dames!*" as well as in their earlier work, "*Dulcie*," they display a cold cynicism which is so typical of the Gallic youth of to-day.



ONE of the big laughing hits in Paris is "*L'Hamlet*," par Guillaume Shakespeare. This story of the mad-cap prince who set all Denmark by the ears with his amours and philanderings has seized upon the popular imagination as nothing since "*Le Retour de Pierre Grimm*." It will be remembered that in this latter farce comedy, *Pierre Grimm* was the deceived husband who kept returning unexpectedly through various hidden doors, always to find his wife in the embraces of a different man, and who, even after he had died, was doomed to a continual revisiting of earth as an ectoplasm, always discovering his wife in the same state of infidelity.



THERE has been some excellent acting going on in Paris this summer. One performance in particular deserves special mention.

Thomas W. McMerle, visiting France with his wife and three daughters, was scheduled for a trip to the Louvre yesterday afternoon. Shortly after lunch Mr. McMerle approached his wife, his face distorted with pain, and beads of perspiration standing out on his brow.

"Lucy," he said in a weak voice, "I feel awful. Something I ate. Some of the dam French coffee. You and the girls go on without me. I'll be all right after I've laid down a little. Go on and enjoy yourselves."

The ladies, after much protesting, finally left the sick man writhing on his bed. Eighteen minutes later he was seen looking up and down the street, with his hat slightly tilted, and whistling softly. Acting has always come naturally to Mr. McMerle, but on this occasion he surpassed himself. It was one of the outstanding performances of the season.

WE can not speak with any technical accuracy on the question of scenery, but it seems to us that for color effects, design, staging and general assembling of parts, by far the best scenic production in town may be seen any afternoon serving *petits fours* at Ruplemeyer's. Ask for Paulette.

Robert C. Benchley.



1. One-two-three-four-one-two.



2. This man thinks it's cats.



3. This prefers smothering.



4. Too much for Fido's nerves.



5. He thought the clock went off.



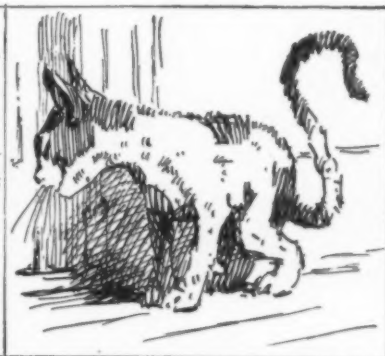
6. She's sure it's a murder.



7. The veterinary tries an antidote.



8. This one goes cuckoo altogether.



9. Maria thinks she hears a friend.



10. Somebody loses a cook.



11. He was about to go upstairs—



12. When the janitor arrived.

# The Second-Hand Cello and The Early Morning Lesson



## LIFE'S Title Contest

FOR the best title to the Maxfield Parrish picture above, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize .....\$500.00  
 Second Prize .....\$200.00  
 Third Prize .....\$100.00

The Contest will be governed by the following

### CONDITIONS:

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, August 1st, 1922.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

The members of LIFE's staff will not compete.

## What Every Dog Knows

YOU can't scratch all the fleas all the time.  
 Constant chewing clears away bones.

Torn ears will happen.

There's no pastime like the hunt.

All the world loves a paw-giver.

Children in danger are friends indeed.

Phonographs should be seen, not heard.

What is so rare as a ride in an auto?

A garbage pail contains a multitude of tid-bits.

When in church, elude the vestryman.

Chasing a ball is its own reward.

Nothing succeeds like swimming.

A rat under a paw is worth two in a hole.

It's never too early to bark at a tramp.

The moon makes howlers of us all.

The proper welcome of Master is jumping up on him.

A little whipping now and then is meted out by the best of men.

Uneasy lies the head that's filled with dreams.

It's always great weather when a boy and a dog get together.

Incompatibility, thy name is cat.

See a bed and mess it up.

In time of fire, bark.

Run up to meet others as others run up to meet you.

It's a long night that has to be passed in the cellar.

You can't keep a bruised hind leg down.

E. J. K.

You can dodge some of the drivers all the time, and all the drivers some of the time; but you can't dodge all the drivers all the time.



"Keep dry!! How can I help it?"





**THE GARDEN PARTY AND OTHER STORIES**, by Katherine Mansfield (Knopf). These are fragments rather than stories; and there are no fire-cracker endings. Accordingly, those schooled in the fire-cracker tradition may well find them flat. For they are not isolated crystals of life. When you get to the end, you do not fall over into space. You are borne on, just as you are in life, and there opens up before you the humorous-dreary muddle of existence.

Miss Mansfield's people are the grandmothers, spinsters, retired colonels, and grandsons of English fiction. She has occasionally thrown behind them an unfamiliar scene—Tasmania, for example—but it is not the scene that makes the book remarkable. Rather, I think it is the poignancy with which she has surrounded thoroughly familiar things and the skill with which she has transmitted it. She does a tired business man and your head swims with his, while no one pays any attention to you. She makes a lady's maid talk for a few pages, and you are all but swamped by the futility of the solar system. And in one story, "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," she has been so successful, that spinsters need never be done again.

### THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE: A PLAIN STORY SIMPLY TOLD.

Edited by J. Arthur Thompson. In Four Volumes. Volume I. (Putnam). The first volume in a series which—with Wells—should form an admirable Adult's Book of Knowledge. "Best of all," says Professor Thompson in his Introductory Note, "is the education of the scientific habit of mind"; and it was with a view to insinuating a little of this kind of education into you and

me that the present series was planned.

Those of us who "took" Physics A1 and Organic Evolution will have our fading memories so pleasantly jogged that we will wonder if, after all, we are not educated. But whether we are educated or not, there is a great deal of entertaining matter about *The Struggle for Existence*, the Java Ape-Man, the Nebular Hypothesis, Einstein, sex, and Mars—which can't help but mellow us a little. There are pictures galore, all the way from "The Speed of Light" to "Silk Tassel Electrified." Some of the pictures are colored and to one of them you will want to turn again and again. It is the one on page 75 and is called "Okapi and Giraffe." Trotting out of a blue and green jungle is the purple Okapi, with the hauteur of one who justly wears his color. One pace to the rear strides the deferential Giraffe—his body a skilful and succulent blending of waffles, done to a turn. In his eye is that look of Old World charm which has tranquilized his brothers of the Animal Kingdom to his membership in the fraternity. "There is some good in everybody," the artist seems to be saying, "if you will only look for it." Anyone will become a better man and a better voter by looking for it in this picture.

### THE ENORMOUS ROOM, by

E. E. Cummings (Boni, Liveright). About the last word in realistically detailed horrors. The author and his friend B. were young American crusaders in an Ambulance Section in 1917 until their fatal gift for saying and doing bright things led to everything's going wrong. They would not shave, you see, they just *would* not shave, because, for one thing, their unenlightened chief

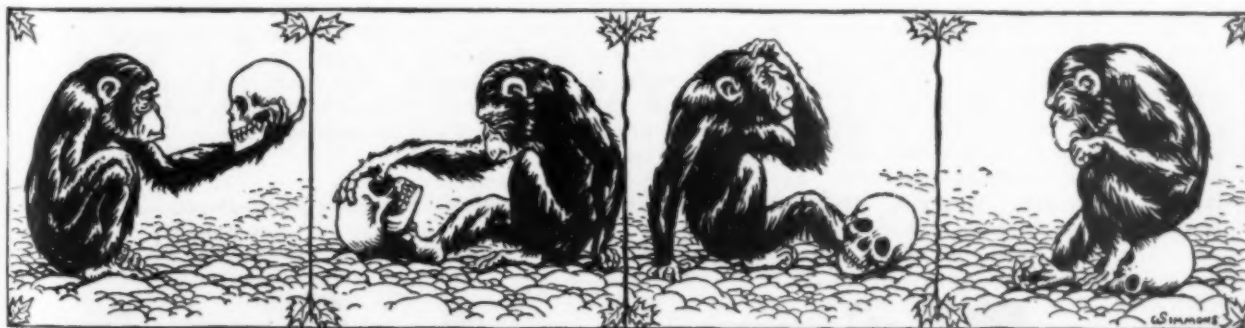
wanted them to and because he didn't approve of the French who, apparently, didn't shave much either. Then they got all mixed up in a treason charge—of which they were innocent—and suffered the most incredible hardships in French prisons. They met some nice people among the criminals, however, "some of the finest people in the world," and emerged—at last—as smart as ever, and with eyes longingly fixed upon the coming Revolution.

### MAX BEERBOHM IN PERSPECTIVE.

With a Prefatory Letter by M. B., by Bohun Lynch (Knopf). An invaluable addition to Max literature. It is divided into two main parts: The Writings and The Caricatures; and scattered all through it are drawings of and by Max. The author—who contributes some of the best sketches—is to be read with greatest attention when he is writing of the caricatures. Upon them he throws the sympathetic light of a fellow-wag and artist. But "Gardener Lynch"—to paraphrase the Prefatory Letter—has not over-attended the charming frailty of his subject's reputation. He has used a quite *small* watering-can, even though he has filled it full.

**A GLANCE TOWARD SHAKESPEARE**, by John Jay Chapman (Atlantic Monthly Press). It would seem a safe thing to predict that if you care for the Bard at all, you will enjoy this little book; and it would seem equally safe to predict that you will care for him still more after reading it. Mr. Chapman modestly calls this collection of notes a "glance." Would that our less modest critics could glance so revealingly! W. L.

### Metempsychosis



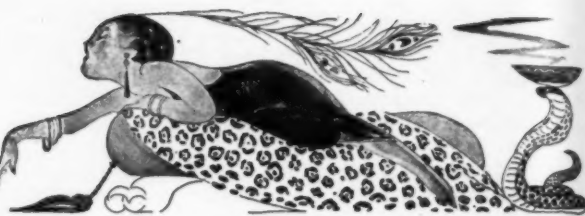
Quoth Ham . . . ('twas a Chimpanzee): . . .

"To be . . . or perchance not to be . . .

A Human at birth in my next stay on earth . . .

Ah! That is the question for ME! . . ."

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## "Salomé"

WHEN a really fine moving picture flashes across the film heavens, it is customary for the critics to bare their heads in wondering awe, murmur a prayer of devout gratitude—and then wait for the dull, sickening thud which inevitably occurs when any meteoric masterpiece lands in the box office.

I shall therefore preface my remarks concerning Nazimova's "Salomé" with the statement that it will probably be a flat financial failure. By doing this, I can forestall the courteous movie exhibitors who will write in to say, "Thank you for praising that picture; I now know that it would be suicidal for me to book it at my theatre."

Having discharged this important obligation, I can go ahead with a clear conscience.

NAZIMOVA'S production of "Salomé" is exceptional in every noteworthy sense of the word: it is extraordinarily beautiful to look at—its backgrounds, costumes, lighting and composition being designed with a fine sense for pictorial values; it is well acted; it is intelligently directed; it is faithful to the play by Oscar Wilde, from which it is taken; and its action is continuous. By this last, I mean that there is no break in the sequence of events. There is no necessity for explanatory sub-titles like, "Spring came—and once more did the roses bloom in those wan cheeks that had been ashen by the searing breath of Fate."

THE persons responsible for "Salomé" deserve the whole-souled gratitude of everyone who believes in the possibilities of the movies as an art. Nazimova, of course, is the first. Here, indeed, is

an artist—a great one. Without recourse to any over-energetic spasms of emotion—with no attempt at muscular calisthenics—she creates *Salomé* more vividly than Mary Garden ever did on the operatic stage.

A few laurels must also be planted upon the brows of Charles Bryant, the director, Charles Van Enger, the camera-man and Natcha Rambova, who adhered closely to Beardsley's drawings in designing the costumes and scenes.

REGARDLESS of the Olympian wrath of the Great Gods of the Box Office, I emphatically recommend "Salomé" to everyone who loves beauty. And for those others who don't care a hang for anything but sure-fire melodrama and red-blooded romance, there is—

## "The Storm"

YES, "The Storm" comes in very handily at this point. As a contrast to "Salomé," it is somewhat more than adequate.

"The Storm" is the story of two men and a girl—a most original notion, you will all agree. One of the fellows is a big, broad-chested, two-fisted he-man—a rough diamond, to be sure, but True Blue. Perhaps he ain't got much book larnin', like them city folks, but out in the great, clean hills, he's managed to collect a heap o' val'able teachin' from God. His rival is a despicable dude from New York and points east. The girl is an innocent flower of the forest.

This trio is trapped in a log cabin, far from civilization, and interned for the winter. Although both of the men take solemn oath that the little girl shall come to no harm, the city chap allows his baser nature to run away with him, and complications ensue.

Virginia Valli, the only woman in the cast, is revealed as an actress of some ability and considerable charm; and, in all probability, she will soon be evident on the electric signs.

"THE STORM" will be a tremendous hit. Millions of fans everywhere will literally eat it up—because, of its kind, it is extremely good.

But when one ventures to compare "The Storm" with "Salomé," one must inevitably arrive at the conclusion that . . . Oh, well—what's the use?

## The Reform Wave Again

THE Will H. Hays personally conducted uplift movement speeds merrily on. Recently the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Celluloid Dispensers of the World foregathered with representatives of fifty civic, business and welfare organizations, and plans were outlined for reforming the film industry. Mr. Hays is always "outlining plans."

The only definite result of the conference was the appointment of a committee to look into the matter. This committee was composed of the following estimable persons: Lee F. Hanmer, of the Russell Sage Foundation, Roy E. West, of the Boy Scouts, and Mrs. Oliver Harri-man, of the Camp Fire Girls.

The Russell Sage Foundation, the Boy Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls are all splendid organizations, and are doing an incalculable amount of good.

But what, in the name of David Wark Griffith, do they know about the movies?

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 27)





*Take a KODAK with you*

*Kodak film in the yellow box, over  
the counter all over the world.*

**Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.** *The Kodak City*





### The Convert

There is another story about a poet who took a Broadway chorus girl to the Metropolitan galleries. She gazed about at the fine paintings and listened to the inspired eulogies of the verse-maker. As they were leaving she turned to him and said: "Well, I ain't taken up culture yet but when I do I'll make it hum."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

### Self-Revealing Moment

Closeup of a modern youth when his biplane headed for earth:

"Oh, Lord—if there is a Lord—save my soul—if I have one."

—*Grinnell Malteaser*.

### Mañana

Showing how new ideas take hold, Mexican so-called laborers are demanding an eight-hour to-morrow.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

TOURIST (returned from abroad): Well, how is Congress getting on?

FRIEND: My nerves.—*Detroit News*.



### SWEET MEMORIES

"Yes . . . one goes with one's sweet-heart picking lilies of the valley—one says a lot of foolishness—one gets married and one has seventeen children. And they call the lily of the valley a good-luck flower!"

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

### Cause and Effect

The amateur dramatic society was preparing for a performance of *As You Like It*.

The dress rehearsal took place in a garden that was overlooked by a building in course of erection. As the amateurs postured and chanted the bard's beautiful lines, bricklayers above them laid bricks, carpenters planed boards, and masons chipped stones.

Towards the end of the play, during a pause in the rehearsal, a voice from the building operation was heard to say gravely: "I prithee, malapert, pass me yonder trowel."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

### The Punishment that Fitted

A Kansas City court made a negro caught with a pint of liquor drink it all, and then turned him loose. He did it gladly, feeling as he went to sleep that Justice was the tenderest and most beautiful creature in all the world.

—*Houston Post*.

NORTH: Do you think that golf will ever be successfully played indoors?

WEST: No; you can't lose the ball.

—*New York Sun*.

IN Ireland it seems that many a true word is spoken in jest.—*Punch*.

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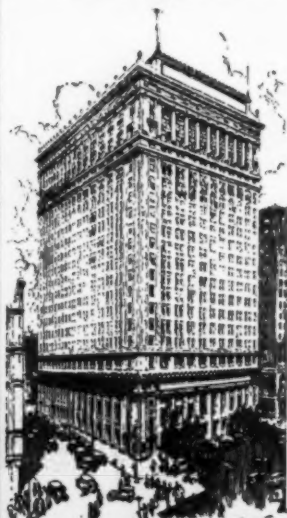
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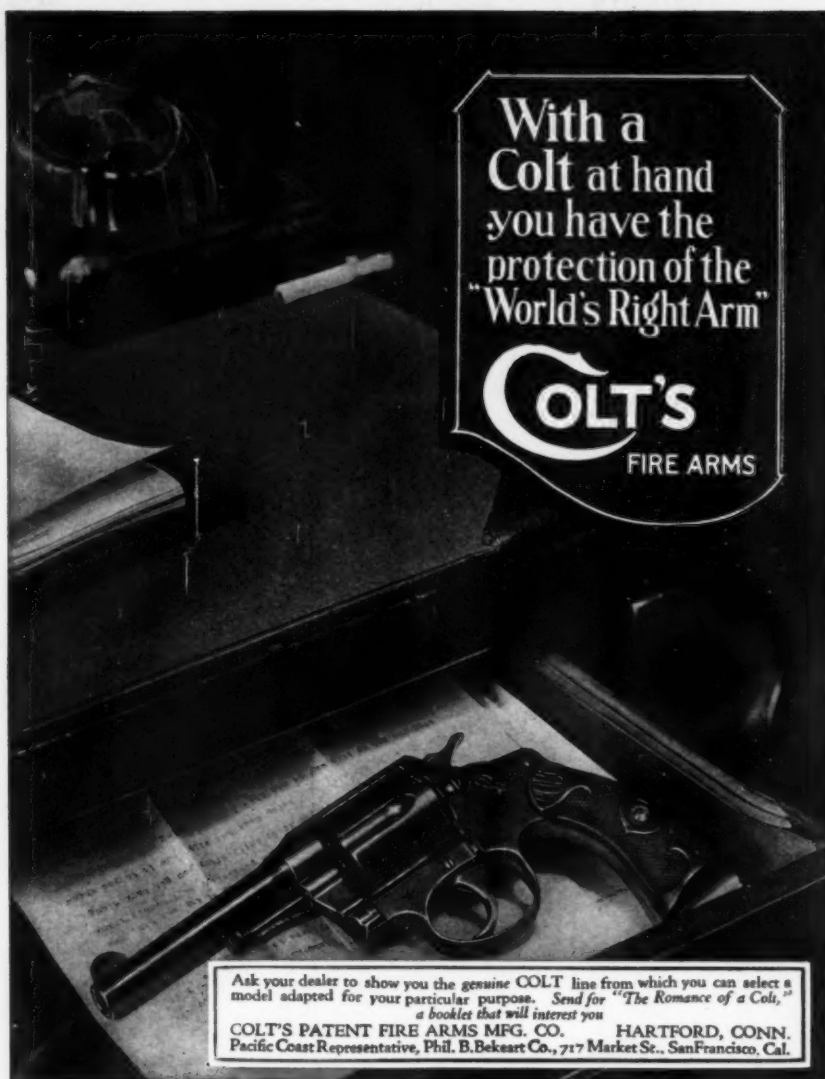
Little Bobby's mental picture of how they'll get fat Aunt Emma up the Golden Stairs



"Oh, dear, I'm so afraid of the Avenue when it's wet. Drive carefully, won't you, William?"

"Yes, ma'am, but there's not much danger of skidding with these Kelly-Springfield Cords on."

**T**HE purchaser of a set of Kelly Cords pays only for mileage; the sense of security that comes with them is thrown in gratis. We know of no other tires that will give such consistently long mileage and at the same time so high a degree of protection against skidding. Kellys have always been an economy; at today's prices they are more economical than ever, because now it costs no more to buy a Kelly.



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### Double-Dyed Deceiver

FIRST SHE: That awful person goes around telling everyone he kissed me.

SECOND SHE: Well, there's no harm in that, is there?

FIRST SHE: No, but it isn't even true!  
—Kasper (Stockholm).



### THE RETURN TRIP

"The Germans have the advantage of America in one thing—the American bars."

—Lustige Pflatter (Berlin).

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Embarrassed His Mistress

"Sandwich Island help," writes a Boston woman, "have a curious habit of calling their employers by their first names, as 'Yes, John' and 'Very well, Mary,' instead of the conventional 'sir' and 'ma'am.' My husband and I, on hiring a new cook, planned to obviate this by refraining from mentioning each other's names, substituting common terminal endearments. 'If he doesn't hear me called Mary,' I said, 'he won't know that's my name.'

"It happened shortly after that we had some officers to dine with us, and the cook entered and said to me, 'Sweet-heart, the dinner is served.'

"What!" I stammered aghast.

"Dinner is served, dearie," answered the new cook."—*Boston Transcript*.

### A Good Game

PITCHER: They robbed me of a no-hit game yesterday.

FRIEND: What did?

PITCHER: Johnson's single, Thompson's triple, Smith's double, Wells' two singles, Jones' three singles and Browne's two home runs.

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

### Density

VISITOR: What's that thing, Oswald?

ARTIST: I'm going to call it "The Portrait of a Flapper."

"Why don't you finish the head?"

"Can't, the paint's not thick enough."  
—*Grinnell Malteaser*.

AN Atchison little boy asked his father what "Seniority" means. "Seniority, my son," replied the father, "is what keeps your dad a brakeman."

—*Kansas City Star*.

## The Great \$800.00 Picture Contest

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## THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

**Nanook of the North. Pathé.**—A remarkable picture of Eskimo life which reflects considerable credit on Robert J. Flaherty, its producer. It is more than educational—it is extremely interesting.

**My Wild Irish Rose. Vitagraph.**—Whisht, now, an' if ye are pinin' for a bit o' bunk from the ould sod, here's your chance.

**Our Leading Citizen. Paramount.**—George Ade and Thomas Meighan collaborate on a film that is sympathetic without being stickily sentimental, and funny without being forced.

**Domestic Relations. First National.**—Dull enough for the most exacting morons. Katherine MacDonald, who is said to be ex-President Wilson's favorite screen star, contributes her share to the absence of entertainment.

**Over the Border. Paramount.**—Endless views of Canadian Northwest Mounted Policemen trudging through blizzards, and then entering log cabins with flour sprinkled over their mackinaws.

**Yellow Men and Gold. Goldwyn.**—A rip-roaring melodrama, featuring Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, a chest of buried treasure and a rejected manuscript.

**Nero. Fox.**—Rome is rebuilt in a day, under the personal supervision of Mr. William Fox.

**Sherlock Holmes. United Artists.**—A screen version of William Gillette's play, directed with great skill by Albert Parker, and perfectly played by John Barrymore.

**The Stroke of Midnight. Metro.**—Splendid acting, but too much of it.

**Sonny. First National.**—Richard Barthelmess gives a characteristically fine performance in a picture that might well have been cheaply sentimental, but isn't.

**Silver Wings. Fox.**—Speaking of cheap sentiment . . .

**The Crossroads of New York. Sennett.**—A burlesque melodrama that is extremely funny and terribly exciting at one and the same time.

**For Review Next Week.**—"While Satan Sleeps," "South of Suva," "The Five-Dollar Baby" and "The Top of New York."

R. E. S.

### To a Naughty Little Boy

WITH unforgiving haughtiness  
We chide your naughtiness;  
How dared you try, abandoned little  
lad,  
The thing we so incitingly forbade!  
What was it?—stealing jam from  
pantry shelves?  
Well, we do that ourselves,  
Not craving jam, nor having any  
mind to  
The villainies our mentors seem in-  
clined to,  
But when they arbitrarily taboo  
them,  
Of course we do them!

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—L'illustration (Paris).

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### Letters of an Efficiency Expert A Schedule

SIR: In accordance with your request I have mapped out a schedule which will permit you to do everything asked from you during the day. Strict adherence to its items is absolutely necessary.

- 6.45—Rise.
- 6.46-7.00—The Deadly Dozen.  
(Can be cut to nine if razor is dull.)
- 7.01-7.10—Shave and bathe.
- 7.10-7.25—Breakfast.
- 7.26-7.42—Clean furnace by request.
- 7.45-8.10—Mow lawn, by request.
- 8.11-8.30—Make shopping list, by request.
- 8.41-8.45—Wash hands. Comb hair.
- 8.46—Start for railroad station.
- 8.47—Return, by request, to enter forgotten items on shopping list.
- 8.56—Start again.

- 8.57—Come back again, by request, to kiss good-by.
- 8.58—Start again.
- 9.05—Arrive station. Miss 9.03.
- 9.00-9.12—Curse train and railroad.
- 9.29—Board train.
- 10.38—Arrive office.
- 10.39—Answer telephone.
- 10.40-11.33—Find bootlegger and arrange for case of Scotch.
- 11.35—Return to office.
- 11.36—Accept telephoned invitation to luncheon of Committee to Furnish Safety Razors to Shaveless Russians Over Eighteen.
- 11.37—Leave office.
- 11.59—Arrive Hotel Enormous.
- 12.00-2.15—Eat lukewarm luncheon and listen to cold speeches.
- 2.16—Contribute razor to cause.
- 2.17-4.03—Attend to shopping list.
- 4.04-4.18—Phone office to say that you will not return.
- 4.19-5.11—Continue shopping.
- 5.32—Start for railroad station.
- 6.35—Arrive home.
- 6.36-6.40—Explain inability to complete shopping tour.
- 6.41-7.14—Dress.
- 7.15-8.30—Dinner.
- 8.35-11.10—Bridge at Mrs. Whoozis' home.
- 11.45—Retire.

I regret that in arranging this schedule I have not been able to include time for attention to your normal business, but your order insisted that the other items be provided for.

Very truly yours,  
E. F. FICIENCY.

# E.Z.

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## Open Letters to Inanimate Objects

**M**ESSRS. Hammer, Screwdriver  
& Gimlet.  
Gentlemen:

When I took you into my domestic bosom and agreed to shelter you and keep you pure and spotless, I thought it was fully understood between us that you were to be on hand for every emergency. Instead of which, you persistently refuse to show up. Your unwillingness to keep me informed as to your whereabouts is the cause of constant irritation. Gentlemen, you are breaking up my home by your neglect. For the love of Allah, let me know where you are hiding yourselves.

Ineffectually yours,

\* \* \*

Dear Eiderdown Quilt:

Last night at eleven o'clock, in the confident belief that you would stick by me, I decided to try sleeping on the porch. What I want to know is, Where were you at two o'clock in the morning? You had deserted your bed post, leaving me to shiver until well after dawn. This habit of yours of slipping away by yourself on the floor is causing more suffering and anguish than you realize. Always be on top—why not adopt that as your motto?

Pneumoniacally yours,

\* \* \*

Office Filing System & Co.

Dear Sirs:

My object in writing this note is not to irritate you or misjudge you, but simply to see if I can get on better terms with you. Permit me, in the first place, to congratulate you on the way that you never talk back. I feel that everything I confide in you is perfectly safe—even from myself. Although I have been assiduously feeding you on all sorts of ideas, including bromides, for several months now, I cannot even find



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"Good morning!  
Have you used Pears' Soap?"

*Pears'*  
SOAP

out whether the diet is agreeing with you or not. Although you have kept all the dates I have made with you, nobody knows what they are. Life with you appears to be one misplaced folder after another. In the future may I not count upon you to respond to my addresses?

Interrogatively yours,

\* \* \*

My Dear Flask:

Yours received and contents noted. You grow dearer to me all the time; you are constantly filling me with joy and enthusiasm. I notice, however, that your spirits are not quite so good as they used to be. The last time I passed an evening with you, you knocked me out in three rounds. Brace up, old fellow! Always remember that the worst is yet to come. In spite of all your shortcomings I am completely hipped with you.

Mysteriously yours,

## A Daisy in My Rose Garden

**A** FORMAL garden, well-planned, precise,  
Is the garden of my heart,  
Each love, for mother, husband, brother,  
A rose, in its plot apart.  
But an outlaw daisy has crept in,  
Wind-sown in the roses' beds.  
I must dig it up, this dear wild love,  
For it spreads, and spreads, and spreads.

M. W. W.

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D. H...  
Dr. Cha...  
E. F. V...  
Pa...  
Elizabeth...  
Mrs. F...  
Ethel M...  
Dr. Est...  
F. Reev...  
Charles...  
Mr. and...  
son...  
W. S...  
G. G...  
Mrs. J...  
Anony...  
In met...  
Wins...  
Miss S...  
burg...  
Mrs. I...  
Mrs. A...  
F. M...  
B. B...  
Friend...  
Master...  
town...  
N. B...  
Fred V...  
Frank...  
Mrs. F...  
Jno. F...  
W...  
Allan...  
Chas...  
George...  
Mrs. A...  
Grace...  
Louis...  
Joseph...  
E. S...  
In met...  
19th...  
Dr. F...  
F. D...  
Mrs...  
N...  
Mr. at...  
Fla...  
Lawre...  
Willia...  
N...  
C. H...  
H. F...  
Mrs...  
N...  
Mrs...  
"From...  
Par...  
Mrs...  
"W...  
"L...  
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**T**HE man who is satisfied with the ordinary cigarette is very easily satisfied. But the man who selects Melachrinos would be impossible to please with any tobacco less worthy.

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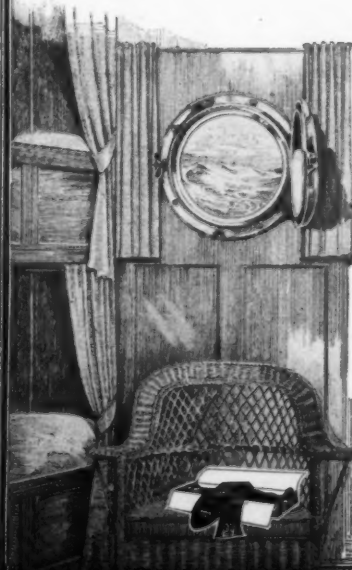
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## What to Do Till the Milkman Comes

ONE of the most important periods in a child's life is that hour in the early morning, just after the only bottle of milk on hand has been broken and just before the milkman arrives with a fresh supply.

Let us say that the bottle is broken at 5:30. The milkman is due at 6:30. This leaves an hour for Daddy to exercise his ingenuity and his stomach-muscles in being entertaining. And a series of impatient yawps from the crib indicate that the entertainment has got to be pretty gosh-darned good, too.

The first thing to do is to go over and say facetiously: "Hello, sir! How's the boy this morning?" This will serve to infuriate "the boy" to the point of convulsions.

"Well, well, well, there, there, there!" you say soothingly, picking him up. Then, walking over to a picture called "Baby's Boat's the Silver Moon" hanging on the wall, you say: "Hello, what's this?"

There seems to be something about this particular picture that offends every decent instinct in the child's make-up. It is as if some pre-natal influence had been at work to prejudice him against the idea of a baby's boat being in any way identified with a silver moon.

What to do? He is too young to play two-handed rummy. And too old to be taken out and left on anyone's door-step. How about looking at the leaves on a calendar?

"Here, son, what's this? Nice calendar?"

"Ya-a-a!" That for the calendar.

A box of absorbent cotton ought to be all right for a baby to mouth about a bit. It's got a red cross on it. So you watch him with relief until you see that the color is coming off, giving him the appearance of a Jewish comedian with a blue beard.

"Here, here! Drop that! Give it to Daddy! Give-it-to-Daddy!" If you pull it, it will tear and leave a great piece in his throat.

"Look, see what Daddy's doing! Ta-ra-tarata-ta!"

Imitation of a silver cornet band, done from the corner of the mouth. Big hit. Band decides to parade around the room. Tremendous ovation. Knocks over small table with reading lamp. Terrific applause.

This then is the answer. Forty-eight times around the room, playing tunes ranging in repertoire from "Under the Double Eagle" to "Under the Double Eagle." Any attempt to stop is looked on with active disfavor. Any attempt to substitute singing is greeted with indignant protests. A cornet it must be, and keep on the move!

There is the sound of approaching wheels in the distance. They draw up to the curb. A man jumps out and runs to the back door.

"Clink-clink!" It is the milkman.

R. C. B.



## What's Wrong With This Picture?

Another one of those problems in etiquette—the study of which ought to make our country the most et-





*The world is so full of numbers of LIFE,  
I'm sure we should all forget worry and strife.*

—OLD PROVERB

*For instance, on July 27th, which is just about the middle of the summer, we shall let loose a *Midsummer Number*. Despite the heat, it will make you feel kindly even to those who ask, "Well, is it hot enough for you?"*

*Nextly, on August 10th, comes Hon. American-Japanese Number. "What about it?" you snark. "Beautifully cover by Hon. Rea Irvin, about it," we dib, "and interior decorations just as divine not to say funnier." (Oh, yes, speaking of covers, there are others coming by Leyendecker, Parrish, Phillips and Benda.)*

*Then Again, on the 31st of August (or August 31st, if you can remember it easier that way), we are going to publish an American-Russian Number which will be the nearest thing to an American. Russian number that LIFE has ever published. Can you imagine it?*

*Well, that's all for this week — except that coupon which always comes sneaking into that lower corner. Do you want to subscribe for 10 weeks and get those numbers we talked about farther up? If you do, for heaven's sake fill out the coupon and get it off the page. It sort of spoils the look of it, don't you think?*

DEAR LIFE: Here is a dollar. Either return it, or send me 10 copies of LIFE at weekly intervals. (Canadian \$1.20; Foreign \$1.40)

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